EDMUND KIRKE'S NEW BOOK. MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS. By EDEDNO KIRKS. 12ms pp. 308. The Tribune Assistation.

pp. 308. The Tribune Association.
The brillient success of "Among the Pines," which first brought the name of the author to the notice of the public, has tempted him to another venture in the same department of composition. In the present work, which fully sustains the reputation of its predecessor, we sustains the reputation of its predecessor, we have a story of Southern life and character which by its coherence, naturalness, and effective grouping of incidents, shows that it is the fruit of personal observation and experience, as well as of profound conviction of the value of the principles to the illustration of which it is devoted. Mr. Kirke is evidently not a professional author. In the art of bookmaking, he has no pretensions to being an adept. The scenes which he describes are not got up for dramatic or picturesque effect. He makes no use of varnish or veneer to conceal any defects in his material or his workmanship. There is no occasion for this, His simple, downright way of telling his story—like that of a man who is relating what he has seen, who is terwho is relating what he has seen, who is terribly in earnest as to the character of his own pictures, whose blood has mantled with fresh vitality at the sight of horrors which come to light as the secrets of the great prison house are laid open-clothes his narrative with a vivid reality beyond all the resources of literary art. The intensity of his sketches, however, is happily relieved by the quick sense of the ludierous with which it is com-

happily relieved by the quick sense of the ludicrous with which it is comb bined. He never fails to seize the comic aspect which often lurks beneath the garavit scenes, and thus diminishes the painful impression which his tale of human misery are allowed to grave and the diminishes the painful impression which his tale of human misery are allowed to the story are embedied in a sight and inside the painful impression which his tale of human misery are allowed to the story are embedied in a sight and inside the painful impression which his tale of human misery are allowed to the story are embedied in a sight and inside any are allowed to the story are embedied in a sight and inside any are allowed to the story of the story are embedied in a sight and inside any are allowed to the story of the story are embedied in a sight and inside any are allowed to the story of the story of the story.

We arrived at Kinston about an hour among the southern own of the story of the story.

It was five years after the events recorded in the previous chapter, when, one day late in October, paraged on my annual tour among the Southern or any annual tour amon "Lord bless me! Kirke, is this you?"
Looking up, I saw Mr. Robert Preston—or, as he was known among his acquaintance, "Squire Preston of Jones"—a gentieman whose Northern business I had transacted for several years. He had been on a visit to some Virginia relatives, and was beturning to his phantation on the Treut, about twenty miles from Newbern. Though I had never been at his home, he had often visited muse, and we twere well—in fact, intimately acquainted. I soon explained that I was on the way to New-Orleans, and mentioned that I might, on my return, seek the route to his plantation. He urged me to visit it at once, and I finally consented to do so. We rode on by the cars as far as Goldsboro, and there, after a few hours' rest, and a light breakfast of corn-cake, hominy, and bacon, took seats on the stage, which then was the only public conveyance to Newbern.

Preston was an intelligent, cultivated gentleman, and, at that time, appearance; and, though somewhat to a few as tall, athletic, and of decidedly preposessing appearance; and, though somewhat kareless in his dress, bad a simple dignity about him that is not furnished by the tailor. The firm lines about his mouth, his strong jaw, wide nostrils, and large nose—straight as if cut after a bevel—indicated a resolute, edermined character; but bis large, dresmy eyes—placed far apart, as if to give fit proportion to his broad, overhenging brows—showed that his nature was as gertle and tender as a woman's. He spoke with the broad Southern account, and his uterance was usually slow and hesitating, and his manner quiet and deliberate;

cent, and his uterance was usually slow and hesi-tating, and his manner quiet and deliberate; but I had seen him when his words came like a torrent of hot lava, when his eyes flushed fire, his thin nestrils opened and shut, and his whole frame seemed infused with the power and energy of

rame seemed inneed with the power and energy of the steam-cogine.

Educated for the ministry, he had been in early life a popular preacher in the Baptist denomination, but at the date of which I am writing he was devoting himself to the care of his plantation, and preached only now and then, when away from home, or when the little church at Trenton was without a pastor. Altogether he was a man to be remarked

were occupied, but as the day, though cold were occupied, but as the day, though cold, was clear and pleasant, we mounted the box, and took the vacant places beside the driver. That worthy was a rough, surly enarcter, with a talent for profainty truly wonderful. His horses were lean, half-starved quadrupeds, with ribs protruding from their aname, character and he accounted for their condition, and for the scarcity of lages. I

it seemed to have the same effect on the Squire, for by the turned his back to her when she made the last remark. Not appearing to notice his manner, she said, after a moment:

"I say, Gin'rul! what 'bout thet stenlin' bisness?"

"Yas. I would: but I ban't th' money fur't.
The axed so like durnation for totein' me in thar, I onlin't etan' it, nohow."
"What fare did she pay, driver?" I asked of the

"That's enough for seventy miles over a road like this. Let her get inside."

"Karn't, stranger; 'tan't 'lowed (d'rot your dirty hide—you, Jake—g'up !); the old man would raise 'die'lar (wha 'bout—g'lang, ye lazy critter) music ef

He had by that time taken off the harness, and was preparing to mount the animal.

"Come, come, my good fellow, do not go back for that. Go en, and I'll hold the borse's feet."

"Ye hold 'em! I reckon ye wull! I'd like ter see a man uv ver cloth a holdin' a critter's fut! Hat ha!" Then throwing his leg over the horse's bare back, he added: "We doan't come it over trav'lers thet way, in this deestrict—we doan't. We use 'em like folke—we do. Ye can bet yer pile on thet!"

Preston, who had been quietly enjoying the dia-

Preson, who had been quiety enjoying too dialogne, as the driver role away, said to me:

"I knew you wouldn't make anything out of him.
Come, let us walk on; a little exercise, after our warm work, will do us good."

Leaving the other passengers to await the motions of the driver, the blacksmith, and the black "huff"-holder, we trudged on through the mud, and in about two hours reached the next station.

This place exhibited some of the peculiar por. A stranger casually meeting him, would turn characteristics of Carolinian life in strong colors.

Only five of the nine seats inside the stage The author's sketch of it will interest our

The reader will find the spot which bears the dig-

"Hi Lordy! then she's right smart. I'm goldurned of I could!"

"If you have so poor an opinion of him, why do you follow him?"

"Wall, I goes for a 'coman's hevin' har own. When he put cout, I swore ter gol I'd foller 'im as soon as I got on his trail, of I hed ter go to h—lifer it!"

The low vulgarity of the women disgusted me, and it seemed to have the same effect on the Squire, for it seemed to have the same effect on the Squire, for it seemed to have the same effect on the Squire, for the turned his back to her when she made the last remark. Not appearing to notice his manner, she said, after a moment:

"I say, Gin'rni! what 'bout thet stenlin' bis-

and all."

The woman had risen during this conversation, and stood with her eyes rivited on our faces, as if her sternal destiny hung on our words. When I made the last remark, she staggered toward me and fell, as if dead, at my feet. I brought water from the stream hard by, and we soon restored her to herself. Preston then lifted her from the floor, and placing her tenderly on the bench, said, turning to

"You cannot understand how much you have done for me. Words are weak—they cannot tell you. I will pay you out of the next crop. Meanwhile I will re-draw and keep it afloat."

"Do as you like about that. Where is your owner, Phillis!"

owner, Phillis !"

"Outside, dear master. You'll know him. He's
more of us pore creatures with him."

"Come, Preston, let's see him at once; we've no

"Come, Preston, let's set time to lose. The stage will be along seon."
"I've no heart for trading now. You manage it, my friend."
"Well, as you say; but you'd better be with me.

Come."
"I will, in a moment."

The second control of the second control of

Forget the expressions of her face. Never layer I, see to look of form, intense agony, and fa fail, see to look of form, intense agony, and fa fail, see to look of form, intense agony, and far fail, see to look of form, intense agony, and far fail, see to look of form, intense agony, and far fail, see the look of form, intense agony, and far fail, see the look of form, intense agony, and fail of the look of form, intense agony, and fail of the look of form, intense agony, and fail of the look of form, intense agony, and fail of the look of form, intense agony, and fail of the look of form, intense agony, and fail of the look of form, and the look of the look

whar our faders can' our grant faders come from, am a pit; for de darkness cobers dat lan', an' gross darkness de people dareof. Dey hab no cloes; dey lib in cabins made ob clay, an' in holes ob de groun'; dey kill an' eat one anoder, an' dey'm allers at war wid one anoder. But de white mun he gwo dar, an' he bay 'em for twenty pieces ob silver—dat's 'zactly de price—twenty silver doliars—dey pay dat fur 'em up ter dis day—dem pore, ign'rant folks wou't take huffin but silver. Well, de white men buy 'em, an' he fotch 'em ter dis country, which am like de lan' ob Egypt, full ob schools, ob churches, ob laroin, an' ob all manner ob good tings. Shore, we hab ter wuck hard har; some ob us hab ter bear heaby burdens, an' ter make bricks when we hab no straw ter make 'em wid; but we am in de lan' ob Egypt, whar we hab how ledged ob de Lord; whar de gospil am preach ter us, an' whar we kin fine out de road ter de lan' ob Cananan. (Ter be shore, we kanfa't all larn out ob de books; but book laruin' neber make a man nohow.) Yas, my friends, yere we kin fine out de road ter de lan' ob Cananan, dat'm waitin' fur de brack man, and lan' what we a lan' what de dat an oble up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; watch ober hole up his fest when he'm weary; mad he ne hole up his fest whe

road ter de las' ob Canaan; an' do you know what is dat lan' ob Canaan, dat'm waitin' fur de brack man, am'! Do you s'pose it am a lan' whar de days am hot, an' de nights am cole; whar we'll hoe de cotten, an' gader de turpentine, an' cut de shingles in de awamp; whar we'll wuck till we drap down; whar we'll houger an' furst; whar de fever will burn in our veins, an' de nager will rattle our bones as de corn am rattled in de hopper? No, my friends; 'tain't no lan' like dat! It am de habitation on high, de city builded ob de Lord, de eberlasting kingdom founded by de Eternal God, who made beaben an' 'arth, de rea, an' all dat in dem is. Oh! tink ob dat, my friends, an' hab courage. Tink ob dat when you'm faint an' a weary, an' leff you' hearts be glad, an' you' souls rejoice in hope. Fur dat lan' ain't 'spressly fur de white man—it am fur de brack man, too; an' ebery one ob uz, oben de Come."

"I will, in a moment,"

He lingered behind, and, when I left the cabin, was speaking in a low tone to the slave woman. Thinking he would follow in a moment, I went in quest of the trader.

Here is a pleasant episode in the usually somber narrative:

On a gentle knoll, a few hundred yards from the negro quarters, and in the midst of a grove of pines, whose soft brown tassels covered the ground all around it, stood the negro meeting-house. It was an was large enough to seat about two hundred persons. Though the restrict resembled a back. He wore raimont shinin' like silver, and was large enough to seat about two hundred persons. Though its exterior resembled a back. He look at me, an' he say: 'Joseph, come up all the look at me, an' he say: 'Joseph, come up that point has been published.

Concerts.

Meesrs. Mason & Thomas gave one of their series way up ter de high heabers, whar am de speritiud and attractive classic concerts, on Tuesday beams and bare shingled roof, and long wreaths of just men made ferfect, who hab been redecined from among men, who hab gone fra great tribulation, and the lift me up—above de clouds—above de stars—way up ter de high heabers, whar am de speritiud and manuely and statisfactory season closed. It is announced that on the the of May the company—less Madame Medori—will please and large and the thord May the company—less Madame Medori—will please and large and the chord in the usually so far as known, be composed as follows: Mesdames Brignell and Suzer; Messrs. Mazzoleni, Bellini and Brignell and Suzer; Market and Satisfactory season closed. It is announced that on the the the of May the company—less Madame Medori—will please and large and the chord in the chord in the usually so far as known, be composed as follows: Mesdames Brignell and Suzer; Market de dat reach unter de headers. He sowe raimont shinin' like silver, an' on his head dat reach unter de headers. He sowe raimont shinin' like silver, an' on his head was a girdle ob stars. His face was darket dat to the headers an

A struggle sessmed to be going on a mind. He was silent for a few moments; then, in a slow, undeeded voice, he said:

"It would not be right; I can't take it, Kirke. I would not be right; I can't take it, Kirke. I taken by de Lord inter de lan' ob Cannan, which has been got against me. My crops have turned out has been got against me. My crops have turned out has been got against me. My crops have turned out has been got against me. My crops have turned out has been got against me. My crops have turned out get a dollar. It would not be honest. I can't take it."

No words can picture the look on the woman's face as she cried:

"Oh! do take it, Master Robert! Do take it."

Master Robert. Oh! do take it."

Master Robert. Oh! do take it!"

Master Robert. Oh! do take it!"

Master Robert. Oh! do take it. "How much is the judgment It"! Issked.

"Only sax hundred; but old — has it, and he half escaped than no mercy. He'll have the money at cone, or has no mercy. He money at cone, or has no mercy. He'll ha

Joe paused, for a wild cry echoed through the

building, and the negro fell in strong convulsions to the floor.

A scene of indescribable excitement and con-fusion followed, during which the black was carried A scene of indescribable excitement and con-fusion followed, during which the black was carried out, and, more dead than alive, laid upon the ground. When quiet was somewhat restored, Freston made a short and feeling prayer; and then, after giving out a hyer had duringed the congruence.

But our space fails us for any further specimens of a work which every one familiar with the name of the author will be eager to read for himself. Mr. Kirke has written a singularly impressive and absorbing story, although he has had in view a higher aim than any lithearts of his countrymen, as with the sound of a bugle, to a sense of the importance of the present crisis, and to aid them in the establishment of a policy which he down to sense of the Market of the present crisis, and to aid them in the establishment of a policy which he down to sense of the Market of the present crisis, and to aid them in the establishment of a policy which he down to sense of the Market of the present crisis of the present crisis. tial to the welfare of the nation, and even to its existence.

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